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# THE UNION TIMES.

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UNION, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1902.

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OF UNION, S. C.

Capital Stock	\$60,000
Surplus	50,000
Stockholders' Liabilities	60,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$170,000</b>

Directors—J. A. Fant, W. H. Wallace, Wm. Jeffries, T. C. Duncan, J. T. Douglass, E. P. McKissick, A. H. Foster, Wm. Coleman.

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## A TRIP TO TEXAS.

A Long and Tedious Ride of Over Eleven Hundred Miles. Delayed Trains Miss Connections at Last Arrived in Lone Star State. The Biggest Reunion in History was

## THE REUNION AT DALLAS.

(Continued from last week.)

Crossing the Mississippi river at Memphis one enters Arkansas, and a more desolate, God forsaken looking country for 50 miles I don't remember ever seeing except possibly a section down on the F. C. & P. R. R. in Georgia and Florida. The houses along the line are the worst of tumble-down weather-beaten shacks, and they are built in little colonies miles apart. The land is being broken up and prepared for planting some kind of a crop. I suppose they plant with the expectation of the river knocking it out when it overflows, and if it stays down and they make the crop they are that much ahead. The broad acres stretch out from the huts in every direction. The houses look like they might have been built about the middle of last century.

About 24 miles west of the Mississippi we passed a large lumber plant, which, judging from the large quantity of lumber piled up and more sawing, must be doing a good business; this was the beginning of the lumber industry that I find all along the road where there is timber until Texarkana is passed. The appearance of the country begins to brighten up as we put the miles behind us and a village peeps out here and there and there begins to be some appearance of life. We crossed the St. Francis river first from the Mississippi about 25 miles.

At 10:30 o'clock we were hung up for some time at a sand-pit siding waiting for a delayed train to pass. There are quite a number of junction points along the Cotton Belt line. Texas is getting pretty well filled up with railroads. I will name some of them and give some of their connections later. At Fair Oaks, 60 miles from Memphis, we were delayed 50 minutes awaiting a connection. Four miles below Fair Oaks we passed another big saw mill making lumber. Brinkley was the next town and it is an important though small junction point. The towns in this section can well afford to spread out as there is plenty of room, and they should do so, and should lay off broad streets. The land is level as a floor. Brinkley has some few industrial enterprises and number of handsome stores, residences and churches. It has the appearance of one of the old towns, however.

Piney woods timber is beginning to get scarce near the railroad, the saw mills have used nearly all in sight of the railroad, leaving a scrubby undergrowth of oak, elm, etc., which now has the appearance of an original forest of small growth. Roe 118 mile post from Memphis, is the brightest little village we have passed. It has a bright, new coat of paint on and has a business look about it. Here was a big sign painted across the side of a house reading: "Farms, Ranches and prairie lands for sale." That began to make us feel we were getting into the west. Ranches and prairie lands, are words that do not apply in our country, and I was anxious to see those prairie lands and ranches. It was not long until I had my wish; the wooded land began to

gradually move back from the railroad reminding one of approaching the ocean through a river. I had only noticed so far one herd of cattle with 40 or 50 head in it, and I began to feel that the talk about western cattle and hog business did not apply so far. I had seen two hogs I believe. I thought one of our Union butchers could beat all that. Great pastures began to appear on either hand. It was beautiful level pasture land with anywhere from 1,000 acres on up. The country begins to widen more and more and now you look out upon a vast plain of level country, that has no hill or valley in it. It looks like a view across a large body of water. There are miles and miles square that has not a depression or ridge of 18 inches. In the center of one of the large pastures, I noticed a bunch of cattle grazing, while in the center of the pasture I saw a large cistern or water tank. These tanks are used to supply the cattle on these ranches with water in the dry season. The first large pastures are passed after leaving Ulna. We saw so much fence on either side of the road that we wondered if all these extensive pastures had wire all around. If so the cost of wire is something enormous. I had an idea that when I saw the prairies and its waving grass I would see at least one drove of horses, but I learn that the horse and cattle country is further down. I have not seen a dozen hogs and no wild horses. We have not yet reached Texas, these are Arkansas prairies and are very small fry, I am told, compared with the great prairies of Texas.

Stuttgart, our next station, boasts of a hotel, "Arlington", a bus, a barber shop and an ideal little depot. Town probably of 1,000 inhabitants. It now begins to look like getting back into civilization. We have passed several nice orchards; there are farmer's houses here and there and they are painted; the plows are running and are turning up soil that looks as black as coal dust. It looks richer than a sack of guano. No wonder crops grow in the West without fertilizer. We understand that even stable and barnyard manure is not used for gardening. The soil is of a waxy substance that is very retentive of moisture; these people sometimes have long spells between showers, but they plow right along. We learn that this soil is anywhere from 10 to 20 feet deep. No danger of any such land as that wearing out. We saw where a railroad embankment had been made from the dirt brought from a railroad cut, and it was all that black soil. The next station is Goldman, 125 miles, and now the stations are beginning to bob up along the road in a familiar style; we have crossed the stretch of prairie. There is evidence of preparation and possibly planting done, but nothing has come up yet that I noticed until we got lower down, the land is no doubt planted in cotton and corn. We saw one cotton field with the stalks yet standing.

At 2:33 we crossed the Arkansas river, about 150 miles from Mem-

phis. The river is a large one and it took three or four minutes to cross it and the trestle. We took dinner at Pine Bluff at 2:45. It is the largest town we have reached since Memphis. Among other industries is a large shingle, stave and lathe plant. It has 11,000 inhabitants, electric cars, lights, etc., and is an important railroad junction of the Iron Mountain road. Here the pine timber begins again, which we had lost for some hours, the timber lasts until we reach the line of Texas. The road bed is fine, level and well ballasted with rock, and would be safe with much faster schedule than we made. At Kindall, 14 miles below Pine Bluff, we passed another large lumber plant, the Frank Kindall Lumber Works, then came Fordyce, another big lumber station.

Between Memphis and Dallas there are the following rivers to cross: The Mississippi, St. Francis, the White river at Clarendon Junction, of Arkansas Midland, the Arkansas river at Pine Bluff, the Saline river between Rison and Kingland, the Ouachita river at Camden, the Red river at Garland City 18 miles from the line of Arkansas and Texas, all of them emptying into the great Mississippi. The Arkansas and Red rivers are the two largest and class with the James, the Cooper, the Congaree, etc. The other rivers are small. You find no other large rivers in Texas. Our Forest is a fair sample of the average river in Texas.

The junction connections made between Memphis and Dallas are at Fair Oaks for Bald Knob and Barring Cross, at Brinkley for Little Rock via Choctaw route, Wynne Junction for the Mountain Valley. Brinkley is 86 miles from Memphis, 435 miles from Ft. Worth, 477 miles to Waco and 200 miles to Cairo (pronounced Caro) and has about 1,500 inhabitants, at Stuttgart for Gillett, at Roe for Helena, at Althemir for Barring Cross and Little Rock, at Rob Roy for Little Bayou, at Camden for Carnie, at McNeil for Bienville, at Stamps for Sibley, Vicksburg, Jackson, Shreveport; Lewisdale for Shreveport. Texarkana for Beaumont and Saline Pass, south and Oak Lodge, Fort Scott and Kansas City north. Mt. Pleasant for Lufkin, Hillsboro, Waco and Statesville, Commerce for Sherman, Wyle for Dallas, straight line goes to Fort Worth.

We crossed the Ouachita river at 5:25 p. m. arriving at Camden at 5:35. The crowd at the train here reminded me of the Union crowd at the depot to meet passenger trains. We took on board a number of passengers from the connecting line. Camden has about 4,000 inhabitants, has a big stove factory and other industries. Red river has a draw bridge which we cross before reaching Texarkana. The Red River country is considered one of the best farming sections in Texas. Arrived at (Tex-ark-ana) Texarkana at 8:55, taking its name from the three states that corner here. Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana. The new survey, however, shows the corner some distance from Texarkana. In Texarkana they have two separate municipal governments. One part of the town is in Texas the other in Arkansas. One can commit a crime and step over into the other State and not leave the street and a policeman cannot follow and arrest him. He has to lay for his man until he comes over again. I imagine they have a high old time there sometimes.

Leaving Texarkana at 9 a. m. we enter the

**GREAT LONE STAR STATE** of Texas. A few miles below Texarkana we came to Stamps, where there is located one of the largest lumber plants in the South. It is owned by the Bodew Lumber Co. They own another plant and the two turn over 100 to 112 cars of lumber, etc., in a day to the railroad. This concern has one hundred miles of their own railroad running out into the timber lands. They use fourteen engines of their own and they employ two shifters in their lumber yard. The lumber output is over 250,000 feet a day. In sawing the lumber they have a carriage to take the waste pieces from the saw over 100 yards away from the mill where it is dumped into a heap which is burning, and it is consumed. The dust of the saws is blown through a large tube by a fan arrangement and is

dumped out of the way. They haul their logs by the car load and dump them into the pond near the mill. This preserves them. We saw logs as close as they could lie in the pond almost without number. They must have filled a space half a mile wide by a mile long, while sawed lumber was stacked on every hand in great heaps. It was there by the million feet. This great plant had a big fire some few months ago which burned a portion of their buildings which were immediately rebuilt and almost double original size. There is a pretty lake near here called Spirit Lake. A pretty club house stands about the center on the opposite bank and there is good fishing to be had there. It is owned by northerners. Magnesia Springs is another great resort for picnic parties during summer, and is not far away.

It being late when we left Texarkana I went to bed and the country between Dallas and Texarkana will have to be observed on my return trip which I will make in the day time, so that I can reverse my schedule coming and get day runs where I got night runs.

As our train was somewhat late getting into Dallas on the morning of Friday, April 25th, arriving at 6:45 by slow time, 7:45 by our time, I got to see some of the country before getting into Dallas, and the sight was something to be remembered. The rich, black soil was already putting forth fruit and that of a healthy kind. We passed corn field after corn field and cotton fields without number; the corn was already up and and some of it knee high and of a deep black green color and as it gently waved in the prairie breeze you could almost imagine you could see it grow. Cotton seemed to be literally popping out of the ground, some of it three inches high, these fields spread out on either side of the railroad in one vast, broad expanse to the distant timber land on either horizon. There are different tracts of course, but the land is so level that it has the appearance of growing crops covering a vast acreage almost incalculable. Seeing this and noting the extraordinary healthy appearance of the crops, and knowing that when we had gone a couple of hundred miles into this country we had only just gone through the border lands of this great empire State, and that it was as far to the other side as it was back to our home. One could hardly help shuddering when he thought of poor old South Carolina depending upon its cotton crop to buy the necessities of life. It is eleven hundred miles from Union to Dallas, Texas. It is nearly eleven hundred miles across the State of Texas. Texas has a large area of black, waxy, rich soil that is inexhaustible. It is 10 to 15 feet deep. It cannot wash away and can never wear out. Guano or any other commercial fertilizer is an unknown thing in this country. They have their droughts, which is a considerable set back to them, but their land absorbs the rains and retains it, and the plowing continues. These same droughts seems to be a providential thing for the protection of the farmers of other sections of the country. Should they get good seasons every year in Texas, our farmers in the South would be utterly froze out as they could not possibly compete with this crop producing country. Texas could raise cotton and corn enough, I do believe, to supply every man woman and child in the United States with their yearly consumption of these articles. It would not do for Texas not to experience serious drought occasionally. As it is they can make enough in one good year to tide them over three years of drought. We are more firmly convinced than ever that the true and the only salvation for our farmers in this section is to diversify their farming. And be sure you raise enough to supply your home needs for your family and stock. Let your cotton crop be your side issue. It is the only way you will ever get out of the quicksand in which you are perishing and being dragged down slowly but surely. If you are heart bent on raising cotton, cotton and nothing but cotton, put out the fire, whistle for the dogs and strike out for the west where you will have some showing. The time is passed in this country for getting

Even at this late day we are glad to know that this section of Union county was one of the best farming sections in the State—corn, fodder, hay, oats, wheat and every other staple of food for man and beast was raised in super-abundance. North Paeolet was the Goshen of the Confederacy. Broad river, Paeolet, Thickety, Gilky and Abingdon creeks with their intervening sections of rich uplands, cultivated under the best system of farm labor ever known in this or any other county produced more than it could well take care of, of all and any kind of farm and home supplies. Scarcity of these was a rare occurrence. But the contiguous sections of York and Union counties were canvassed and feed was brought in for use in the recruiting camp. On the detail from the 7th S. C. Cavalry for this purpose was Gilliam Thomas, of Co. C, (McKissick's.) He was on the York side of the river when the great January freshet came in 1865—known to so many of our older people as the "Sherman freshet."

Impressing officers for the government were here and there all over the country taking horses, saddles, harness, cattle, hogs, etc., in fact anything that could be used for any purposes. These were in many cases complete nuisances—and they naturally incurred the ill will of people who they no doubt sometimes imposed upon—and people (and if the truth must be told) had a special hatred for them. We are glad to say, however, that our cavalry detail did not come in with this class of marauders neither was it in any way connected with them. It gave the farmers an opportunity to deliver their tax in kind at the recruiting camp rather than to haul it to Yorkville or Union. It was a convenience to the farmers. Here they got receipt for produce delivered and all was O. K. with the government of the Confederacy.

While Gilliam Thomas was on the York side, water-bound, he thought

(Continued on 4th page.)

## Wm. A. NICHOLSON & SON, BANKERS,

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

*Interesting Incidents Connected With the Late War, Bringing Out a Great Deal of Unwritten History, in Which the Private and Subordinate Officers are Given Credit Justly Due them. Some of the Truest, Noblest and Bravest Men That Ever Faced an Enemy Were to be*

## FOUND AMONG THE PRIVATES.

BY J. L. STRAIN.

### Chapter VIII.

In the winter of 1864 and '65 several hundred of our cavalry and artillery horses were sent from the army to be recruited and made ready for the spring campaign of 1865. One of those recruiting camps was near Thomson's Mill, on Thickety creek and Paeolet river. About 400 or 500 head of horses were sent there to feed and most of them belonged to Gary's brigade of cavalry and several Union county men were with them. Some men were there from Anderson and other western counties of the State, while a similar camp was established near Catawba river for the consumption of the feed in that section. Officers, of course, were detailed to go round and gather up this what was termed "tax in kind." Your readers are aware that at this time the railroads were taxed to their utmost capacity to transport troops and army supplies. It was impossible for them to carry all the corn, fodder and hay necessary to feed the broken down stock. This made these recruiting camps not only a necessity but a convenience to the Confederate Government.

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he would call upon "Governor" Joe (Run) Leech (that was the name he was generally known by) and see him. Two of his sons, Morgan and Joe, were in the same company with Gilliam, and this would be a great satisfaction to the old gentleman (Mr. Leech) to bestow his friendship upon one of his son's comrades in arms. It so happened that the day before Gilliam visited Mr. Leech that a government agent had been there and impressed a fine saddle owned by one of the boys which the old gentleman prized very highly. Mr. Leech was a very plain outspoken kind of a man, putting on no airs, he didn't care who he was talking to, his way was just the same. He had a habit of sitting out on his portico almost at any time of the year and when anyone came to the gate or even passed along the road he would call out (he had a powerful voice) "Who's that? Where you going? What for? and all such inquiries. People who knew him would sometimes answer him and sometimes would not. But nobody thought strange, it was Uncle Joe's custom. He meant no harm and every one who knew him knew that much. A little before and set Gilliam rode up to the gate and halted. Uncle Joe was out on the porch as usual and said: "Who's that? 'It's Thomas," Gilliam replied. "What Thomas?" but before Gilliam could answer Uncle Joe said: "Do you want another saddle?" Gilliam knew nothing about the saddle and didn't know how to answer Uncle Joe. So he went on in and he ascended the steps Mr. Leech said: "Who are you anyway?" "My name is Gilliam Thomas. I belong to the same company your boys do, Joe and Morgan," Gilliam replied. Mr. Leech now began to feel an interest in his newly made acquaintance and at once asked him to take a seat. After some minutes conversation he said, "and you've been with Joe and the other boys have you?" "Yes sir," replied Gilliam. "And you know them all?" queried Mr. Leech. "Oh, yes sir," said Gilliam, "I know them all well." "Well," said Mr. Leech, "if Joe or any of them boys were here I'd give them a dram and I'll — if I don't give you one too, and suiting his action to the word proceeded to carry out his resolution.

Resuming his seat the old gentleman called "Ritta," his cook, and told her to get to work and get up a supper fit for a gentleman and a soldier to eat and don't be always about it he said. "This was a courtesy he didn't feel like he owed the class of soldiers who had so recently visited him and under the plea of military necessity took off a fine saddle owned by one of his boys in the army.

I will say here by way of parenthesis that Mr. Leech's family at this time consisted of his youngest son who was at home looking after his large farming interest. They had a great many slaves and several plantations, and George was the only white man to look after either of them. Mr. Leech himself was afflicted so that he could do nothing. His daughters, the present Mrs. Dr. T. B. Whitesides, of Blacksburg, and Mrs. Thomas Wilkenson, of Hickory, were small children, too small to manage the household affairs, Mrs. Leech, their mother, having died a few years before. So the faithful old negress, Ritta, was the foreman in the kitchen work.

Uncle Joe resumed his conversation—he was a man of a giant mind and was well informed—as much so as any man of his day on current waters—a tear trickling down his cheek he said: "Morgan, poor fellow, is dead—was killed. They tell me it was his corpse they sent home. I don't know I could not recognize him."

(Continued on 2nd page.)